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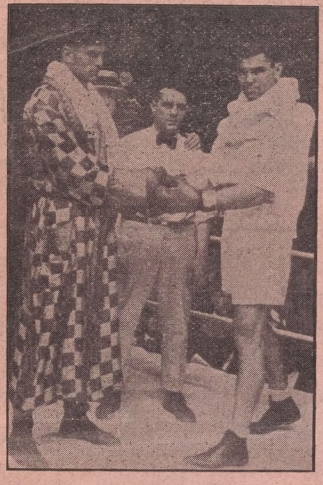
INTERNATIONAL

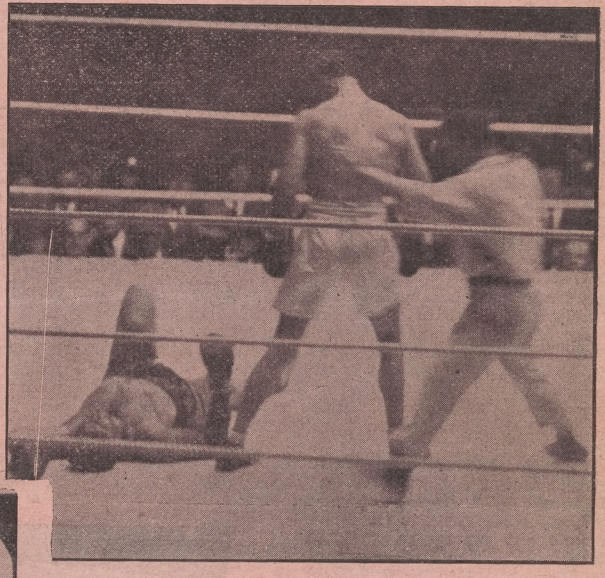
The BOXING BLADE

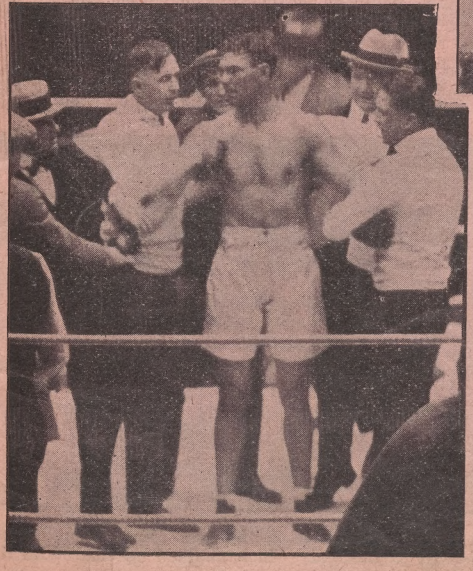
EDITION

Vol. 4 10 Cents | Minneapolis, Minn., September 29, 1923 | 10 Cents No. 43

Ringside Views of the Dempsey-Firpo Fight







Upper Right—The Knockout. The photographer snapped this picture just after Firpo had been floored for the ninth and last time after 57 seconds of the second round had elapsed. The referee is seen just behind Dempsey starting to count the Argentine fighter out.

Upper Left—The gladiators shaking hands before the starting gong. Firpo on the left and Dempsey on the right. Referee Johnny Gallagher in the center.

Lower Left—Champion Jack Dempsey being congratulated by admirers following his knockout of Luis Firpo. Jack Kearns, the champion's manager, is seen on Dempsey's right. The other figure in a white sweater on the champion's left is Joe Benjamin, California lightweight, who is a pal of Dempsey's and seconds him in all his fights.

Jack Dempsey Knocks Out Luis Firpo in Second Round After Flooring Argentine Giant Nine Times

Champion Is Himself Knocked Down Twice, Once Being Sent Through Ropes and Out of Ring by Blow From "Wild Bull's" Crushing Right—World's Record Crowd of 90,000 Given Thrill After Thrill as Dempsey Drops All Boxing Science and Stands Toe to Toe in Wild Slugging Match with South American Challenger—Firpo Goes Down Seven Times in First Round—Finish Comes After 57 Seconds of Second Round After Firpo Had Been Knocked Down Once for Count of Eight—Challenger Displays Amazing Power in Right Hand, Gameness and Ability to Take Punishment—Champion Also Proves His Toughness and Old Time Hitting Power—Fight Most Sensational in History of Heavyweight Title Battles

By A. J. SCHINNER

(Sports Editor, Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, and Chairman of the Wisconsin Boxing Commission)

NEW YORK—It was left to Luis Firpo to give the greatest crowd in the history of pugilism the thrill which comes once in a lifetime before he closed his sensational battle for the world's heavyweight title with his toes to the star flecked sky at the Polo Grounds here the night of Sept. 14.

Never was there such a battle as this untutored, unskilled, pathetically unlearned giant of the Argentine waged against Jack Dempsey before 90,000 folk. Down seven times in the first round, this swarthy youth with the right arm of an oak crashed Dempsey to the canvas and out of the ring in the first round only to lose all his advantage because of his lack of ring knowledge and go out himself in the second after 57 seconds of fighting.

Luis finished on his back or rather on his side—a riddled hulk. Down so often all the experts lost count as they did at Toledo, Luis bobbed like a cork on the high seas of Dempsey's tempestuous attack. Five, six, seven times, at this writing no one is certain which, the Argentinian was spun to the canvas by Dempsey's biting left, the same glove which sent Willard reeling into oblivion in a contest which found its parallel in Friday night's melee.

There was not much science in the contest—Dempsey of Friday night was a throw back—sort of revival of the old days when he came out of the West with nothing on his mind, little in his pocket, but toting two wicked gloves and a world of ambition. The Dempsey who slew Bill Brennan at Milwaukee and the Dempsey who battered Willard all over the blistering ring at Toledo under a torrid sky, lived again in the midst of a mob of humanity the like of which beggars all description.

The Wild Bull sounded the call in the first round, if Dempsey had not already issued the challenge, and the gong had hardly ceased its clatter before the pair were at it like two jungle inmates.

Fight Toe to Toe

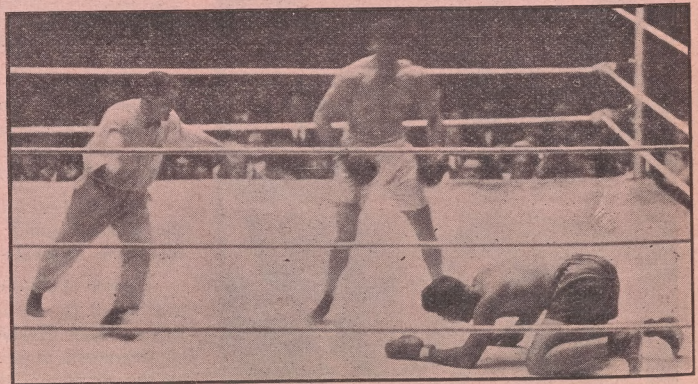
Gone was Dempsey's shell, forgotten was the champion's reserve. He only saw the giant and, like David but to slay Goliath, he drummed his wicked mitts at the slow charging Argentinian who moved about with all the poise and skill of a juggernaut. They charged and locked. Firpo's right crashed against Dempsey's back as the champion turned his body to accept the shock of the blow. Then Dempsey's left found the "button" which released Firpo's connection with time and place for the moment. He fell, but bobbed up again, then he went down again and again and again—it was difficult to state just how many times he rolled and fell and rolled and arose again. Once it seemed as if he would ease his way out of the torture by an ignominious surrender, since he practically fell without being hit, but it was only for a fleeting moment as he gathered his forces and rallied his strength for the attack which almost sent Dempsey teetering into dreamland and for a few fleeting seconds had him giddy on his throne—all but out.

Firpo's Superb Effort

Firpo's right arm—we have never seen anything like it—is thick as a ship's mast and he swings it like a boom

FIGURES ON THE FIGHT

Estimated total attendance....	87,000
Official paid attendance.....	82,228
Official receipts	$1,188,822
Dempsey received	$475,000
Firpo received	$100,000



Firpo knocked down for the fifth time in the first round when Dempsey landed a terrific left uppercut to the body which doubled up the "Wild Bull" and caused him to collapse to his hands and knees.

with a side swing of his body. Seemingly it holds enough power to powder a sphinx. Dempsey's attack had only served to goad the "Bull" and now Firpo charged with all the just ire of his Latin soul. He only saw the sleek rather slender youth before him.

It was not the champion any more —Firpo was too far gone for that now. His brain was a bit fogged and his pride hurt under the repeated and ignominious falls. Now he was just what he had been advertised— a wild, wild, raging caveman. On he came with that right arm poised as high as his head, a living picture of rage. His left arm as usual dangled at his side as useless as a piece of string. But that made no difference.

It was the right hand which held the threat and Dempsey backed up against the ropes aghast at the storm he had aroused. On came Firpo as he souht to rend his tormentor with one mighty downward swing of his fist. Dempsey reached the ropes and stood as one petrified or rather hypnotized. He must have known the danger, but he seemed powerless to move. The right arm fell and Dempsey went to his knee. He was up in a flash, but Firpo was not through this time.

He did not wait any longer but came on again, this time raising his right for a mightier thrust. Now Dempsey went to the ropes once more and raised his left as a guard, but Firpo rushed on and bringing his right down like a monstrous flail split Dempsey's guard like so much paper, crashing against the side of the champion's skull. It is not given in a human body to stand up under such a blow. No man alive could have assimilated that punch and held himself erect. Dempsey was no exception.

As the heavy right fist clattered against Dempsey's head, his legs bent as he accepted the shock and he caved, falling backwards over the second ropes and thence sliding into the laps of the re-reporters at the ringside.

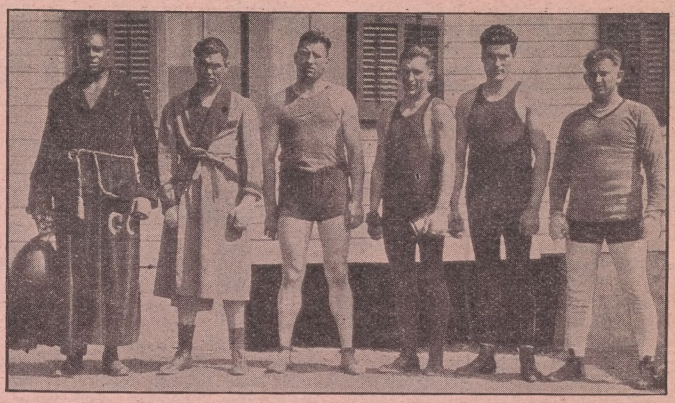
There stood Firpo in the ring, but the champion was absent. Firpo just then was all he had been painted by fistic writers. Like Ajax hurling lightning, he stood alone, his right arm raised and waiting for the champion to rise. The success of his attack seemed to flabbergast him. It had succeeded beyond his fondest imagination. Possibly it was just as he had pictured it in the romantic dreams of his novitiate. To rise in his might and annihilate the champion of the world with one thunderous punch— that was some dream, but now it seemed realized. He had hit the champion and like a puff of smoke the champion had vanished. It was hard for him to believe, it must have been, for we know it was hard for us, who jammed the ringside in all the turmoil and bedlam as the champion was hurtled out of the arena. Firpo waited there, statuesque, exuding wrath and defiance, his right arm ready, his black hair tousled above a shaggy brow.

All this took just a few fleeting seconds. Dempsey, after finding the earth with his feet, cast an eager optic on his adversary as the referee totted the count up to six— seven, eight, and then Dempsey sprang blithely back into the ring, but away from his foe. Firpo seemed surprised as Dempsey—like a true Jack-in-the-Box—bobbed back into the arena. It was hard for him to understand how any man could take the full heft of his great arm backed by all the fury and strength concentrated in his two hundred sixteen pounds of finely trained beef, but it was no time for contemplation now and charged again.

Champ Takes Rabbit Punch

Quick as a flash, Dempsey switched and from a wide open, wild swinging, battering fistic machine became the reserved, cunning champion. He needed his experience and his ring knowledge, for there was just a trace of uncertainty in his step and he was slow to cover as Firpo caught him in his hairy embrace.

Once, twice, the rabbit punch bit into Dempsey's neck and then



Jack Dempsey and his corps of sparring partners who helped whip him into shape for his fight with Firpo. This picture was taken at the champion's training camp at Saratoga Springs, New York. Left to right in the photo are George Godfrey, negro heavyweight; Jack Dempsey, Walter "Farmer" Lodge, St. Paul 235-pounder; Jack Burke, Pittsburgh; Jack McAuliffe, Detroit; and Ray Newman.

Sport Writer Says Firpo Was Kayoed in First Round —Counter Forgot to Count

By W. S. Farnsworth
Sporting Editor New York American

New York.—Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo in the first round of their thrilling fight at the Polo Grounds Friday night.

The first time that the Argentinian went down for a "nine" count—the third in the series of knockdowns, Firpo was really on the canvas between twelve and thirteen seconds.

The writer sat next to one of the judges. Alongside the judge was the official counter for knockdowns. As Firpo crashed to the floor this particular time, the counter began tolling of the seconds over the fallen South American giant: "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight— nine —." He called the nine seconds perfectly. But as the official yelled "nine" Firpo was still on one knee. Then the caller seemed to forget what he was there for. Like everybody else at the ringside he probably was excited, for he never yelled "out," although it was fully three or four seconds after the "nine" before Firpo arose from his knee.

Firpo's Former Boss Loses Store on Fight

Buenos Aires, Argentina.—The druggist in whose shop Luis Angel Firpo learned the trade of apothecary apprentice lost 4,000 pesos (about $1,600)—most of his hard-earned savings—on the defeat of his former employe.

the champion with the instinct of a finished boxer raised his gloves under the armpits of the South American and buried his head in the deep chest of infuriated Luis.

The storm was over, Dempsey was himself again. His condition was superb and the cobwebs were quickly swept from his brain. He clinched desperately for a moment with his head under Firpo's chin and Luis was helpless to shake him off. He tried by every means possible, but Jack stuck like the old clinging vine and when he was ready he slipped his hold and batted the surprised Firpo with such a fierce barrage of leather that Luis had a most difficult time holding his feet under the hail.

Firpo reeled to his corner at the bell and the champion moved to his angle to be met with anxious inquiries. He seemed to speak reassuringly, however, and from all indications was himself although a trifle pale and considerably wrought up over the unexpected and entirely unanticipated events of the first round.

In Luis' corner the shaggy bull waited. He was somewhat shaken by his successive trips to the canvas—but he had made surprising recovery when least expected. His condition was excellent and unlike Willard at Toledo, he rallied quickly. Youth and a fine physique offset the terrific two fisted attack of the champion and he came out of his corner at the call of the second round seemingly as untamed and unconquerable as ever. He may have seemed as strong, but he was not. That heavy battering in the first session had depleted his vitality. The gladiators churned into a furious attack—like two grizzly bears.

Firpo Takes 8 Count

One expected to see bits of fur and brown strips of skin scattered around the ring as they clubbed each other in a primal, atavistic struggle for supremacy. Dempsey had all he could do to hold off the clubbing desperate giant. Firpo had nothing, knew nothing, and could do nothing but crash that right hand at his foe, but that was enough. It swung like a scythe sweeping all before it and Dempsey was hard put to block it. He was ring wise, however, and turned his back into the crashing punches which must have shaken him badly. It was only for a moment, however, and then another left found Firpo's wide open chin and down he went. This time he was slower to rise—the count going to eight, but again he was on his feet seemingly as full of fight as ever.

He rushed Dempsey and dropped his two big arms to the outside of Dempsey's frame. Jack waited a moment and then brought his arms under Firpo's guard and clipped him first with a hard left on one side of the chin and followed it with a right to the other side.

Those were finishing strokes.

Firpo fell on his face—his great frame nervously moving for a few seconds as Referee John Gallagher tolled off the fatal numbers which blasted the fond hope of all Argentine and wafted Firpo's dream into the land of bubbles. Dempsey himself seemed to sense the close of the drama, for he turned to his corner as the right hand met the mark giving his fallen foe a nervous fleeting glance out of the corner of his eye as he passed by just to be sure that the "kill" had gone home and the bull would not make another of his surprising recoveries.

It was a groundless fear this time, however, for Firpo was through. His chin had accepted just one too many shocks and although he strove to raise himself it was only to collapse and he took the full count on the floor.

Firpo Tries to Renew Fight

Firpo's handlers raised his body from the floor. As he revived under their ministrations, he again sought to renew the attack, but he was quickly pacified and when he realized the true state of affairs he bent his shaggy head under his grief and went to his corner beaten, but not disgraced for he had done something no other man has completed before—forced Dempsey to the expedient of taking a count for the first time since he won the title.

Firpo's finish came after exactly fifty-seven seconds of mauling in the second round. In less than four minutes of intensive fighting, the champion had beaten down the proud boast of South America. It was a fight—plain and unadulterated in every sense of the word and unbroken by any series of strategic maneuvers such as Dempsey can bring into play when he so desires. Dempsey won because he could hit faster and hit harder. Firpo held a punch in his right of about the same power which abides in Babe

What Fighters Said After the Battle

By JACK DEMPSEY

Well, I'm still the champion. But I kept my title only after the most terrific battle of my lifetime so far. I must admit that Firpo surprised me when he got up after I had floored him for the seventh time in the first round and had enough left in his right hand punch to knock me out of the ring. However, I was more surprised than hurt or I never would have been able to sock him down for keeps in the second round. Firpo can wallop something awful with his right and he is a world's champion as far as gameness is concerned. He sure lived up to his name of "Wild Bull." After a little rest I will be ready to take on any other challenger that the public thinks has a chance to lift my crown.

* * *

By LUIS FIRPO

I congratulate Dempsey. I have no excuse for my defeat. I hope the champion will give me another chance. Not right now, but a year from now. I believe I proved my right to fight once more for the championship for at the end of the first round I had Dempsey almost out. But the seven times I was knocked down in the first round took my strength and I couldn't finish him. I made a big mistake in getting up too quickly after the knockdowns, but the knockdowns made me want to fight harder and I couldn't wait to take advantage of the count. I would like to fight a few more good American fighters and get more experience before I meet the champion again. I will be ready in a short time for any except Dempsey and I will be ready to fight him again in a year. Dempsey is a real champion and the hardest and swiftest puncher I ever met.

* * *

By JACK KEARNS

Manager of Jack Dempsey

The bout ended just as I thought, but Firpo also was stronger than I expected. When Dempsey came to his corner at the end of the first round he said:

"Gee, Jack, he hit me a couple of pipps," but he said it with a smile and then I knew he was all right. Jack was dazed in the first round, but what fighter wouldn't be dazed after he was knocked backwards through the ropes? Dempsey came through all right and he's still the best heavyweight in the world.

MOVIES SHOW FIRPO KNOCKED DOWN NINE TIMES AND DEMPSEY TWICE

New York.—Jack Dempsey scored seven knock-downs over Luis Firpo in the first round of their fight and two, including the knockout, in the second round.

Firpo put Dempsey on the floor twice—both in the first round.

These are the facts revealed by the moving picture of the fight, and must be accepted as the best way to settle the controversy as to how many times both fighters were on the floor.

The pictures, which were run over at slow motion, showed that what many called a knock-down for Firpo in the first few seconds of fighting, was not. Dempsey let go a terrific left, slipped and was hit almost on the instant by Firpo. But his knees did not touch the floor as he grabbed the challenger and pulled himself up.

Ruth's bat, but he was slower on the trigger.

Champion Shows Critics

By his victory Dempsey answered his critics as to his punching ability and his resistance powers. He proved he still held his old sock and that he can take 'em when necessary. Perhaps it was foolish for him to throw all caution to the four winds and make a pure barroom brawl out of it, but he had found such tactics successful against Willard and he revived his old battle plan again and brought down the most dangerous man the game has produced of late.

Firpo made a surprising fight of it, but he will never come as close to the championship again as he was that night.

He may beat every man in the world, but he can never defeat Dempsey. He may agitate for a return bout and may be rewarded with one, but there can only be one end to such a struggle. Firpo is not in Dempsey's class and while he had the champion reeling for a moment on the heavyweight throne it would have been a pity and a blow to boxing to displace the fistically cultured Dempsey with the unwieldy oaf from the Argentine.

Firpo displayed plenty of gameness, but gameness and a right hand punch alone cannot carry him through and to our way of thinking he has gone as far as he will ever get, since he is too set in his way and too old to change his style.

Just a little description of that first round before Firpo unleashed his attack and the events which lead up to it.

Out Like Flying Wedge

Dempsey when he stepped into the ring strove to toss the fear of adverse fate into Firpo, and he strode across the ring to grasp the giant's mitts and shake them roughly all the while spiking his eye with a mean glint.

It was lost on Firpo, however, for he did not know what it was all about. Once or twice as the announcer called out his name, he wanted to start fighting, but he was harnessed and led back to his corner. When the bell clanged he crashed out like a center rush in the old flying wedge. Bang-bang-clinch and then whang—over went Dempsey's left and the big boy started bobbing.

Well, after that everybody was excited and an earthquake would not have mattered much. The crowd

(Continued on Page 12)

Packy McFarland Pays $200 for Seats to Title Fight

New York.—Packy McFarland, once one of the best known lightweights in the ring, now a banker at Joliet, Ill., spent an anxious day cornering two ringside tickets for the Dempsey-Firpo fight. He finally got a pair for $100 each.

"Leave it to me," said Packy, "I'll get my money's worth with interest."

Firpo Is Handed Papers in Suit for $54,205

New York.—Luis Angel Firpo was handed papers after the Dempsey fight in a suit for attachment brought by Andrew D. MacCorkingdale, who claims he is entitled to $54,205 under a managerial contract executed in February, 1922, entitling him to 25 per cent. of the Argentine's earnings. Since then, declares MacCorkingdale's affidavit, filed with the Sheriff, Firpo has received $203,625.

DEMPSEY-FIRPO FIGHT BY ROUNDS

ROUND 1—At the clang of the bell Dempsey rushed from his corner and tore into Firpo. The champ missed his first punch, a left hook for the jaw, and the force with which he delivered the blow caused him to lose his balance and slip. At the same instant Firpo dug his right into Jack's body and Dempsey stumbled almost to his knees but recovered himself by grabbing Firpo around the legs and drawing himself up into a clinch. As they broke, Firpo turned his head slightly to look at the referee who was shouting his commands. At the same instant Dempsey started a left hook which landed flush on Firpo's chin and floored him. Firpo took a count of one. When he got up Dempsey again started a furious attack and put him down again with another left to the jaw. Firpo arose before the count started and Jack knocked him down for the third time with a left to the head. Firpo took a count of three and when he got up backed away from Dempsey. The champion chased him into a corner and smacked him down with a left to the body and a right to the jaw. The Argentino got up immediately and was immediately sent down again to his hands and knees from a left uppercut to the body which doubled him up. He took a short count and when he got up, Dempsey walked into him wide open apparently thinking Firpo had nothing left in his punches and that another good sock or two would put him down for keeps. Firpo surprised the champion by putting a straight right to Jack's jaw which drove Dempsey to his knees. Jack shook off the effect of the punch quickly and springing to his feet socked Firpo down with a left to the jaw. Firpo got up and was floored for the seventh time with a right to the head. It looked like it was all over this time as the count went to six but the "Wild Bull" dragged himself to his feet, bleeding and groggy as the referee tolled eight. Dempsey walked into him to put the finishing touches and then Firpo surprisingly came to life and gave the crowd the big thrill of the fight. With eyes glaring with rage the Wild Bull charged Dempsey and swinging his ponderous right like a club drove the champion to the ropes with a succession of blows and then knocked Jack through the ropes, Dempsey landing on his back and head in the laps of sport writers in the press seats. The champion lay for a moment with his feet dangling over the lower strand and then was pushed back to the floor of the ring outside the ropes. From here he climbed back into the ring unassisted just as the count went to eight. Firpo met him as soon as he got through the ropes with another volley of clubbing rights. Jack covered up and sidled along the ropes and then got inside Firpo's flailing right and clinched. Firpo was trying to nail Dempsey with rabbit punches on the back of the head when the gong rang. When they broke Dempsey seemingly had not heard the bell and he put three light left jabs to Firpo's face before the referee got between them. Both men were bleeding from the mouth when they went to thir corners.

ROUND 2—Dempsey came out apparently as fresh and strong as at the start of the first round, while Firpo seemed to be still suffering from the effects of the beating he got. The two knockdowns Firpo had scored in the first round evidently had taught Jack a lesson for though he again took the aggressive he did not come in as a wide open target but weaved and bobbed under Firpo's right swings. Firpo tried a right for Dempsey's jaw but the champion ducked it taking the punch on the back. Jack then whipped a terrific left to the body which brought Firpo's arms down and instantly shot a short right to the chin which floored the South American. Firpo struggled to his feet at the eight count. Dempsey then put left and right hooks to the jaw with one-two speed and Firpo went down flat on his back. At the count of eight he slowly rolled over on his side and was counted out as he struggled to arise. Dempsey, who had retired to his own corner after the final knockdown, walked over and helped Firpo's handlers drag him to his chair. The round had gone 57 seconds.

The BOXING BLADE

Published weekly by
MIKE E. COLLINS PUBLISHING CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.

"Entered as second-class matter, Feb. 2, 1919, at the postoffice in Minneapolis, Minn., under the act of March 3, 1879."

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Editorial Rooms
210-211-212-213 Tribune Annex Building
Minneapolis, Minn.

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Subscription rates: $4.00 per year
10 cents per copy.

GENERAL ADVERTISING RATES
40c per agate line. No discount for time contracts. Full page, 390 lines, $150.00. Half and quarter pages pro rata. Second or third cover, $200.00. Back cover, $250.00.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1923

Vol. 4 — No. 43

Laws That Make Crime.

BOXING Commission rules that make the price of tickets at championship boxing shows—as they have in New York—are quite remindful to us of the well known prohibition enforcement laws, that is, as far as the making of criminals, and cheating the public and government is concerned.

The Volstead Act makes it a crime to sell liquor in the United States. In doing so it makes it possible for the bootlegger to sell whiskey at all the ways from $12 to $25 per quart. The government gets no revenue out of same. for either federal tax or income tax, as it is a crime to sell it and there can be no record made of the deal.

The Commission, in limiting the price of fight tickets, makes it possible for the scalper, who is nothing less than a criminal, to buy up a block of seats for the low price that the Commission has ordered, and bootleg them for sometimes 8 to 10 times what they pay for them. For instance, in New York, the most that can be charged for a ringside seat is $25.00. At the last championship fight the scalper sold thousands of tickets for from $75.00 to $150.00 each.

The Commission makes the rule, as it would seem, to protect the public.

The Volstead Act also is the same kind of bunk and works out about the same way—instead of protecting the public it works a hardship on them.

The public pays eight prices for ringside seats to a fight—and the public also pays eight prices for any liquor they buy. They buy plenty of both and always will. And in both cases the government is out all revenue, such as state tax, federal tax and income tax.

Two of the most profitable lines of business nowdays is bootlegging whiskey and scalping championship fight tickets. Both are criminal and both made possible by our lawmakers.

Will that dear old public ever get wise?

Limiting the prices of fight tickets is a dandy rule, but it won't work out as a protection to the public. It sounds good but the scalper gets all the good seats generally before they are printed.

If the public wants them they must get them from the scalper, and they must pay the price, regardless of any Commission rule. The price of seats at a boxing show or any other show should be set by the man promoting or managing the show. Anything from gold down is worth what it will bring on the market. If the promoter is allowed to put on the proper price on championship tickets, the scalper won't bother getting a corner on them, and one customer has the same chance as another.

As it is now, at the ordinary championship contest you can call for a ringside seat one minute after the match is made, and it is 100 to 1 the man in charge will tell you that is all sold back to the 43rd row. Yes, he says, there is a big sale on this fight. If he would tell what he knows, he would say that all the good seats are sold to the scalper.

And the same goes for the Volstead Enforcement Act — the bootlegger gets the liquor and the public must pay him his price, and they do.

Either way you figure it, the public gets the worst of it, the government gets nothing—the bootlegger and the scalper, two of the world's most famous grafters, become millionaires.

As we see it, laws that encourage crimes are all wrong. They may sound good, but 9 times out of 10 the cure is worse than the disease.

* * *

We Live to Learn.

THERE is a boy writing Sports now and then at Oklahoma City. He calls himself John Old. Last week he was renamed Young John.

Young John is a nice boy all right, and when he gets old he will undoubtedly know a lot more than he does now.

His first offense at viewing two great boxers in a contest occurred one recent night at his home village. The press stuff previous to the show almost promised that there would be a murder at the old home town, consequently, Young John got himself all worked up to a fever heat, went to the arena early, and got himself a nice seat to watch the said murder scheduled for 10 p. m.

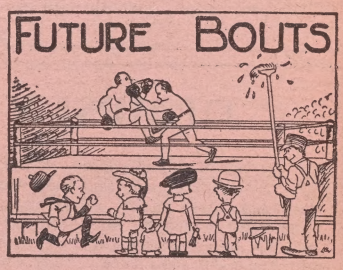
Both contestants had in the past few years fought all the best men in their division, neither of them ever being knocked off their feet or defeated.

Young John had himself all ready to see one or the other knocked dead. It must be, it could not be any other way, as in the old days one must die.

The two great boxers met, it was a great battle to watch, that is, for anyone who understands boxing and fighting, and who knows what science in the ring and the art of self defense really is. They went 12 rounds to a draw—there were no knock downs and no one was killed, but it was a great bout.

Young John could not understand it. Surely one of these men should have been knocked dead. It is all the bunk, says Young John. He was disappointed because he did not see a murder.

However, we expect the boy to improve as he grows older. But regardless of his age now, it is doubtful if he ever gets to know quite as much as he thinks he does, though like good liquor, he is likely to grow better with age.



Mickey Walker vs. Jimmy Jones, 12 rounds, Newark, N. J., Oct. 1st.

Mike McTigue vs. Young Stribling, 10 rounds, Columbus, Ga., Oct. 4th.

Georges Carpentier vs. Joe Beckett, 20 rounds, London, England, Oct. 3rd.

Earl Blue vs. Hi Hammerstein, 10 rounds, Aberdeen, S. D., Sept. 21st.

Earl Blue vs. Jimmie Nuss, 8 rounds, Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 25th.

Dandy Dillon vs. Tod Morgan, 6 rounds, Seattle, Wash., Sept. 26th.

Johnny O'Donnell vs. Red Blanchard, 10 rounds, Watertown, S. D., Sept. 28th.

Bud Logan vs. Gus Bloomberg, 10 rounds, Watertown, S. D., Sept. 28th.

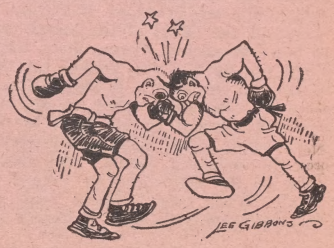
Bat Krause vs. Johnny Knauff, 10 rounds, Grand Forks, N. D., Sept. 28th.

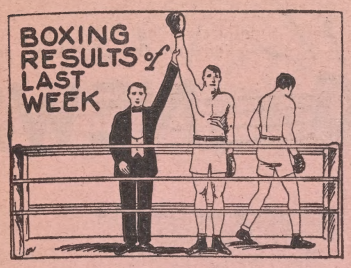
Hamp Brown vs. Roy Fisher, McAlester, Okla., Sept. 28th.

Lew Silver, vs. Joey Fox, 10 rounds, Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 25th.

Bat Krause vs. Al Van Ryan, 10 rounds, Mitchell, S. D., Oct. 18th.

Russie Le Roy vs. Roscoe Hall, 10 rounds, Fargo, N. D., Oct. 5th.





EAST

Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Angel Firpo, second round at New York City, Sept. 14th.

Jack Burke scored a technical knockout over Bill Reid in five rounds at New York, City, Sept. 14th.

Bartley Madden defeated Leo Gates at New York City, Sept. 14th.

Mike Burke defeated Al Roberts, six rounds at New York City, Sept. 14th.

Dan Bright knocked out Leo Brown, first round at New York City, Sept. 14th.

Charley Nashert defeated Frank Koebele, four rounds at New York City, Sept. 14th.

Spencer Gardner and Frankie Jerome boxed twelve rounds to a draw at New York City, Sept. 12th.

Carl Duane defeated Young Montreal, twelve rounds at New York City, Sept. 12th.

Sid Terris defeated Jack Stark, six rounds at New York City, Sept. 12th.

Joe Ryder defeated Louis Guglielmini, six rounds at New York City, Sept. 12th.

Jack Barry defeated Jimmy Cancro, four rounds at New York City, Sept. 12th.

Harry Carlson and Frankie Edwards boxed ten rounds to a draw at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 10th.

Petey Hayes knocked out Jimmy Stewart, fourth round at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 10th.

Cowboy Lee Williams knocked out Connie George, first round at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 10th.

Providence Terry Martin defeated Ansell Bell, ten rounds at Long Island City, N. Y., Sept. 13th.

Henry Catena defeated Sammy Bienfeld, ten rounds at Long Island City, N. Y., Sept. 13th.

Sonny Smith defeated Willie Spencer, ten rounds at Long Island City, N. Y., Sept. 13th.

Dominick Servidio defeated Tommy Thomas, eight rounds at New York City, Sept. 13th.

Andy Williams defeated Billy Wells, eight rounds at New York City, Sept. 13th.

Harry Sutton and Morris Meola boxed eight rounds to a draw at New York City, Sept. 13th.

Bobby Riston defeated Joe Melito, eight rounds at New York City, Sept. 13th.

Jackie Malloy knocked out Tiny Trinkle, tenth round at Rockaway Beach, New York City, Sept. 13th.

Harold Abbott defeated Jimmy Roberts, twelve rounds at Rockaway Beach, New York City, Sept. 13th.

Charley Pilkington and Johnny Holmes boxed ten rounds to a draw at Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 13th.

Billy Fitzsimmons defeated Georgie Vanderbilt, ten rounds at Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 13th.

Billy DeFoe knocked out Tommy Gerard, sixth round at Troy, N. Y., Sept. 10th.

Mickey Travis defeated Eddie (Kid) Wagner, twelve rounds at New Haven, Conn., Sept. 10th.

Willie Shugrue defeated Johnny Corbett at New Haven, Conn., Sept. 10th.

Joe Dundee defeated Jack Zivic, twelve rounds at Baltimore, Md., Sept. 12th.

Eddie Williams defeated Harry Foley, ten rounds at Boston, Mass., Sept. 12th.

Al Sears defeated Jack Dillon, ten rounds at Boston, Mass., Sept. 12th.

Terry Parker defeated Andy Martin, ten rounds at Boston, Mass., Sept. 12th.

Chick Suggs defeated Marty Silvers, ten rounds at New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 13th.

Newport Johnny Brown defeated Romeo Rocco, ten rounds at Lowell, Mass., Sept. 13th.

Pep O'Brien knocked out Lew Herman, eighth round at Scranton, Pa., Sept. 10th.

Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Sailor Ritchie, fifth round at Langley Field, Va., Sept. 10th.

Bobby Garvia defeated Red Leonard, ten rounds at Langley Field, Va., Sept. 10th.

Rocky Smith defeated Jack Palmer, twelve rounds at Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 10th.

George Mulholland defeated Frank Johns, eight rounds at Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 10th.

Johnny Holmes defeated Erbie Moak, eight rounds at Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 10th.

Nate Carp defeated Charley Ray, eight rounds at Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 10th.

Wilbur Cohan knocked out Kid Burgess, first round at Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 10th.

Frankie Conway defeated Harry Gordon, twelve rounds at West New York, N. J., Sept. 12th.

Emil Morro defeated Larry Regan at West New York, N. J., Sept. 12th.

Petey Mack defeated Jimmy Proto, eight rounds at Paterson, N. J., Sept. 12th.

Sid Barbarian defeated George Erne, ten rounds at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 12th.

Phil McGraw defeated Johnny Andrews, ten rounds at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 12th.

Rem Williams and Arthur Tracey boxed eight rounds to a draw at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 12th.

Johnny Weber defeated Willie Roberts, six rounds at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 12th.

Russel Pearlstein defeated Pete Coleman, twelve rounds at Long Branch, N. J., Sept. 14th.

Tony Lyons defeated Mike Dempsey, ten rounds at McKeysport, Pa., Sept. 14th.

Kid Buck defeated Walter Grayjack, ten rounds at Muskegon, Mich., Sept. 13th.

Eddie Trembly defeated Larry Sobjek, ten rounds at Muskegon, Mich., Sept. 13th.

Jimmy Muzzy and K. O. Harry Mueller boxed ten rounds to a draw at Muskegon, Mich., Sept. 13th.

Jock Malone defeated Jimmy Darcy, twelve rounds at Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 17th.

MIDDLE WEST

Joe Simonich defeated Morrie Schlaiffer, ten rounds at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Sept. 14th.

Buddy Chambers knocked out Bobby Smith, fourth round at Eldorado, Kansas, Sept. 10th.

"Cyclone" Miller knocked out Guy Craik, fourth round at Mapleton, Iowa, Sept. 14th.

Everett Strong defeated Fred Etzell, eight rounds at Graettinger, Iowa, Sept. 3rd.

Gerald Reed defeated Kid Higgins, six rounds at Graettinger, Iowa, Sept. 3rd.

"Battling Babs" defeated Gus Kielblock, five rounds at Graettinger, Iowa, Sept. 3rd.

Jack Carney defeated Joe Morris, four rounds at Graettinger, Iowa, Sept. 3rd.

FAR WEST

Harry Bramer defeated Leonard Malody, ten rounds at Laramie, Wyo., Sept. 11th.

Young Billy Papke knocked out Young Eddy, fifth round at Laramie, Wyo., Sept. 11th.

Bud Hamilton knocked out Joe Kelly, fourth round at Pueblo, Colo., Sept. 12th.

Eddie St. Clair knocked out Dewey Madison, fourth round at Pueblo, Colo., Sept. 12th.

Kid Mack knocked out Kid Chris at Pueblo, Colo., Sept. 12th.

PACIFIC COAST

Dandy Dillon and Tod Morgan boxed six rounds to a draw at Seattle, Wash., Sept. 12th.

Mysterious Billy Smith and Billy Morrow boxed six rounds to a draw at Seattle, Wash., Sept. 12th.

Muff Bronson and Bud Fitzgerald boxed six rounds to a draw at Seattle, Wash., Sept. 12th.

Frank Cheslock and Roy Tingling boxed to a draw at Seattle, Wash., Sept. 12th.

Bud Oliver defeated Ernie Dailey at Seattle, Wash., Sept. 12th.

Young Carmen defeated Dode Bercot, six rounds at Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 13th.

Frankie Murphy defeated Val Sontag, six rounds at Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 13th.

Johnny Fugate defeated Roy Small, four rounds at Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 13th.

Cyclone Folmer knocked out Henry Geysel, third round at Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 13th.

Al Colvert defeated Eddie Moore, four rounds at Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 13th.

Ray Pelkey defeated Young Fisher, four rounds at Oakland, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Gene Cline was awarded the decision over Travie Davis when the latter declined to mix it after the first round at Oakland, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Teddy Seideman defeated California Joe Lynch, four rounds at Oakland, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Johnny Pastrano and Billy Wallace boxed four rounds to a draw at Oakland, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Johnny Buell defeated Jimmy Risso, four rounds at Oakland, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Eddie Kelley and Johnny Lawson boxed four rounds to a draw at Oakland, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Bobby Allen and Joe Monahan boxed four rounds to a draw at San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Kid Manila defeated Johnny Drexel, four rounds at San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Charlie Emmet and Bud Nolan boxed four rounds to a draw at San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Jimmy Landrigan and Young Riley boxed four rounds to a draw at San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Battling Miller defeated Jack Murray, four rounds at San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Sailor Dillon knocked out Jack Regan, third round at San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Jack Jiggs defeated Jack Down, four rounds at San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 12th.

Phil Salvadore defeated Richie Mitchell, four rounds at Vernon, Calif., Sept. 11th.

Johnny Reisler defeated Frankie McCann, four rounds at Vernon, Calif., Sept. 11th.

Bud Soules defeated Billy Stearns, four rounds at Vernon, Calif., Sept. 11th.

Ernest Owens defeated "Race Horse" Roberts, four rounds at Vernon, Calif., Sept. 11th.

Dixie LaHood and Jack Burns boxed four rounds to a draw at Vernon, Calif., Sept. 11th.

Spike Carney knocked out Vic Adams, third round at Yakima, Wash., Sept. 14th.

Joe Fisher defeated Monte Williams, six rounds at Yakima, Wash., Sept. 14th.

Young Dudley defeated Jimmy Sacco, eight rounds at Olympia, Wash., Sept. 14th.

Kid Johnson and Bud Martin boxed six rounds to a draw at Olympia, Wash., Sept. 14th.

Jimmy Hackley defeated Kid Foster, four rounds at Hollywood, Calif., Sept. 14th.

Eddie Roberts defeated Terry Adams, four rounds at Hollywood, Calif., Sept. 14th.

Jack Lewis and Joe Medina boxed four rounds to a draw at Hollywood, Calif., Sept. 14th.

Frankie Dolan defeated Art Springer, four rounds at Hollywood, Calif., Sept. 14th.

FOL——Canada —Can

SOUTH

Jim Delaney and Tommy Loughran boxed twelve rounds to a draw at Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 14th.

Roy Fisher defeated Bud Chambers, eight rounds at Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 14th.

Joe Gorman knocked out Pewee Martin, third round at Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 14th.

Donald Greer and Bat Syewart boxed to a draw at Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 14th.

Bud Chambers knocked out Casey Bowman, third round at Enid, Okla., Sept. 12th.

Mickey O'Dowd and Joe Paglina boxed twelve rounds to a draw at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 17th.

Johnny Lisse defeated Benny Levy, ten rounds at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11th.

Soldier Buck and Harry Day boxed ten rounds to a draw at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11th.

Jimmy Cox defeated Bobby Bridges, ten rounds at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11th.

Jimmy Lanning and Roy Fisher boxed ten rounds to a draw at Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 3rd.

Mel Coogan and Basil Galiano boxed fifteen rounds to a draw at New Orleans, La., Sept. 14th.

Al Pettingill defeated Charlie Rodrigue, ten rounds at New Orleans, La., Sept. 14th.

Kid Pancho knocked out Gene La Rue, third round at San Antonia, Texas, Sept. 17th.

Jimmie Smith, knocked out Ray Maywood at Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 17th.

CANADA

Billy Mascot defeated Vic Foley, ten rounds at Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 12th.

Johnny Mack and Frankie Britt boxed six rounds to a draw at Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 12th.

Clarence Robinson defeated Darby O'Brien, four rounds at Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 12th.

Leo (Kid) Roy defeated Frankie Daly, ten rounds at Montreal, Quebec, Sept. 14th.

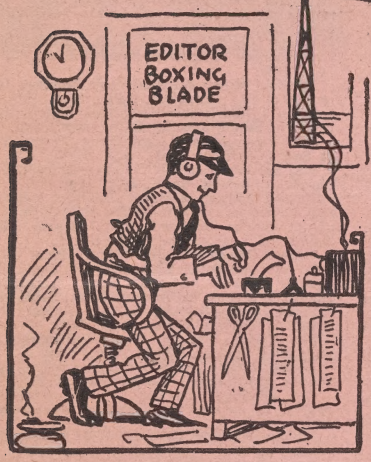
Benny Tait and Kid Hart boxed eight rounds to a draw at Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 1st.

Young Brooks knocked out R. Smith, third round at Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 1st.

Stan. Young defeated George Stanley, four rounds at Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 1st.

Harry Blue and Freddie Spott boxed four rounds to a draw at Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 1st.

BOXING NEWS



JIM DELANEY AND TOMMY LOUGHRAN DRAW

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Jim Delaney of St. Paul and Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia battled twelve rounds to a draw here, Sept. 14th. According to local critics the first round was even; Loughran had a shade in the second and third; the fourth was even; Delaney took the fifth, sixth and seventh; the ninth and tenth went to Loughran, and Delaney took the eleventh and twelfth by a big margin.

Loughran received an ugly cut over his right eye in the eleventh and at the finish of the twelfth Loughran's face was literally covered with blood. The referee thought a draw would do no harm, so a draw he called it. We thought Delaney won.

* * *

BENNY LEONARD WILL MAKE TOUR OF WEST

Billy Gibson, manager of Benny Leonard, writes the Blade that he is arranging an extensive western tour of exhibitions for the champion, starting in about ten days. The Leonard Company will be composed of a corps of sparring partners, trainers, entertainers and Manager Billy Gibson. The lightweight champion is a great box office attraction and should get plenty money on his proposed tour.

* * *

KID PANCHO FINALLY KAYOS LA RUE FIRST

San Antonio, Texas. — Kid Pancho finally knocked out Gene La Rue, Canadian flyweight, in the third round of their scheduled 12-round bout here Sept. 17th. This is the third bout for Pancho and La Rue here in the last month. All were sensational. During the first bout La Rue knocked himself out by missing Pancho and landing on his own jaw. The second bout both boys landed at the same time and both were knocked down and counted out.

SID BARBARIAN DEPRIVED OF KAYO BY SLOW COUNT

Detroit, Mich.—Sid Barbarian, local lightweight boxer, scored two knockouts Sept. 12th, at Danceland. Slow counting deprived him of both and the match went the limit.

Barbarian's opponent was George Erne of Newark, N. J., and the eastern boxer was outclassed from the start. Erne weighed 139¼ while Barbarian weighed in at 135½ pounds. This difference in weight, however, did not bother the local scrapper, who won as he pleased

The knockouts came in the fifth and ninth rounds. In the fifth Erne went down after hard punishment to the body and stayed down for the full count. Referee Billy Rooks gave Erne what appeared to be the benefit by counting slower than usual. He reached nine and when Erne did not arise he raised his hand but did not call out "10" which would have ended the contest. Erne then arose and by clinching was able to last out the round. Barbarian again dropped the eastern battler in the ninth sending him through the ropes. Instead of counting while Erne was outside the ring Referee Rooks allowed him to crawl in and then take another nine second count.

The match was one-sided from the start, Erne not getting a round.

* * *

TUT JACKSON ISSUES DEFI TO ALL HEAVYWEIGHTS

Tut Jackson, colored heavyweight boxer, who resides at Washington Court House, Ohio, is all sore at every heavyweight in the country according to his manager, Billy Palmer. Tut challenges them all—white or black—and guarantees to make them all kiss the canvas. Jackson has been fighting regularly the past ten months and is now both seasoned and tough. He is also a greatly improved boxer since his New York appearance against Harry Wills.

Jackson's best work was against Sam Langford—Tut knocking Sam out in three rounds.

JIMMY NUSS MATCHED WITH EARL BLUE

Des Moines, Iowa.—Jimmie Nuss, hard hitting middleweight from the Fox River Valley of Wisconsin, will box Earl Blue, the new knockout king of St. Paul, 10 rounds here, Sept. 25. It seems Nuss has had too much experience for Blue, but if Earl connects with either hand, Jimmie is sure to take a sleep. Blue is the nearest thing to Stanley Ketchell that has been around here in a long time. All he lacks is experience.

KID BUCK OUTPOINTS WALTER GRAYJACK

Muskegon, Michigan — Kid Buck, bantamweight champion of Michigan, easily outpointed Walter Grayjack, bantamweight champion of Wisconsin, in their 10-round bout here, Sept. 13th. The Battle Creek boy hit his opponent with everything, but Grayjack survived all of the hard punches and came back for more. Grayjack entered the ring at 119 pounds while Buck weighed but 117 pounds. Although Grayjack was overweight, Buck did not demand his forfeit. In the opening round the Kid rushed to Grayjack's corner and showered him with an avalanche of blows which started him bleeding at the mouth and nose. Several times Grayjack attempted to bore in and fight back, but every time he did the Michigan kid landed hard and often. It was a good fight with Buck winning all the way.

In the second bout of the triple windup, Eddie Trembly, the Bangor, Me., scrapper, who recently won over Soldier King in Grand Rapids, shaded Larry Sobjek, of Milwaukee. Jimmy Muzzy, of Milwaukee, Wis., battled ten furious rounds with K. O. Harry Mueller of Buffalo, N. Y., to a good draw.

* * *

PHIL SALVADORE WINS OVER RICHIE MITCHELL

Vernon, Calif.—Phil Salvadore, lightweight of Sacramento, Calif., won a decision over Richie Mitchell of Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 12th. It may have been that Mitchell, who is new to the Pacific coast, and who is said to have fought only one four-round battle before, was handicapped by unfamiliar conditions. Sports writers declared Salvadore won every round.

* * *

JIMMIE SMITH STOPS RAY MAYWOOD IN 4TH

Memphis, Tenn.—Jimmie Smith, of Marked Tree, Arkansas, knocked out Ray Maywood of New Orleans in the 4th round here September 17th. Smith rushed Maywood in the fourth, landing a hard right to the heart. Maywood dropped his guard and was nailed on the chin. dropped to the canvas and was counted out.

* * *

JOE SIMONICH BEATS MORRIS SCHLAIFFER

Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Joe Simonich, Butte, Mont., welterweight, won a newspaper decision over Morris Schlaiffer of Omaha, in a 10-round bout here Sept. 14th. Simonich carried the fight to Schlaiffer at all stages, making Morrie look bad and scoring an easy victory.

OF THE WORLD

DANDY DILLON-TOD MORGAN FIGHT IS SLASHING SCRAP

Seattle, Wash.—Tod Morgan and Dandy Dillon fought six rounds to a draw at The Arena here, Sept. 12th. Fought is right. It was one of those affairs that we often read about but seldom see. Morgan, the coast champion, who has literally boxed his way into the hearts of the local fans, entered the ring a two-to-one favorite, but many, many of his backers, including Harry Druxman, were groaning audibly before the last frame flashed through to a finish.

Morgan did not show nearly as well for the first five rounds as he did in his two appearances here against Buddy Ridley. True, that might have been because he was up against a different kind of fighter. Dandy is a mighty dangerous little scrapper. When the battle was over Tod showed cuts over both eyes while one lamp was the color of a piece of anthracite coal. Dillon was also punished, both his lamps being puffed.

Dillon easily took the first two rounds, carrying the fight to the champion and landing some hard wallops. Tod took the third, but the fourth was Dandy's by a wide margin. In this round Morgan went to the canvas twice. For a little while it looked as though Dillon might finish it up then and there. The fifth and sixth rounds went to Morgan. It was a whirlwind finish and that come-back proved Morgan to be a game little fighter.

Many of the Dillon adherents called for a decision when the fight was over, but Referee Whitman dubbed it a draw, regardless of the fact that Dillon had Morgan on the floor twice—for two clean knockdowns.

Morgan and Dillon were rematched for six rounds at the same arena Sept. 26th.

BERT COLIMA OBJECTS TO VERNON REFEREE

Recently Bert Colima, the California middleweight, fought Jimmy O'Hagan, the Jamestown, N. Y., 158-pounder, before Jack Doyle's club at Vernon, Calif. Bert felt that he had not been treated fairly when the decision was awarded to O'Hagan and promptly announced that he would not fight there again until George Blake was off the job as referee. Not so long afterwards Colima appeared at the Vernon club and asked Matchmaker Waddy Wadhams for a bout, but stated that he would not stand for Blake as referee.

"Great!" said Waddy. "Now I'll tell you what" continued the genial Wadhams, "Some day or week when you discover that Blake is sick in bed and unable to work you come over and we may give you a match, but you know our rules—as long as George is well he is third man in the ring. That goes for all. Why Jack Dempsey couldn't make Jack Doyle change his mind on that score."

* * *

GEORGE EAGEL KAYOS WELSH CHAMP IN AUSTRALIA

Sidney, Australia.—George Eagel, the ambidexterous American, proved this oft-repeated axiom when he slammed Danny Morgan into slumberland soon after the start of the seventh round at the Stadium, August 9th. The lightweight champion of Wales had been boxing in good style, and was leading on points by a slight margin when the sleep-producing punch came over and knocked him out.

The contest was strenuously fought, although most of its attractiveness was minimized by Morgan's clinching at every opportunity. He seemed aware of the etherized wallops that Eagel carries in either mitt and clung to his opponent whenever he got the chance. Eagel started off in the seventh with his right hand out. Morgan lead a left and missed, Eagel stabbed his right to Morgan's face, followed by a hard left lead to body, then a right to the chin and Morgan was on the canvas and out.

Eagel is now a big card here and will get all the matches he wants and plenty of money.

* * *

HARRY GREB MATCHED WITH BRYAN DOWNEY

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Harry Greb, middleweight champion and Bryan Downey, will box ten rounds here at Forbes Field, Sept. 24th. The bout will be at catchweights—and no decision will be rendered. This will be the first bout for Greb since winning the middleweight title from Wilson.

* * *

BATTLING SIKI TO FIGHT GEO. GODFREY IN PHILA.

Battling Siki, former light heavyweight champion of the world, and George Godfrey, one of Jack Dempsey's sparring partners, are matched to fight eight rounds at Philadelphia October 6th, according to Jack Hanlon, Philadelphia matchmaker. Godfrey should easily defeat Siki. He will outweigh the Senegalese over 30 pounds. Godfrey is a good boxer and good hitter. Mike McTigue defeated Siki—and what Godfrey would do to Mike McTigue would be a shame. Siki was offered a good purse to box Jim Delaney of St. Paul at Davenport, Iowa, perhaps more than he is getting to box Godfrey at Philadelphia, September 21st, but turned it down. Delaney weighs 170 and Godfrey 210. Either Delaney must be awfully good in Siki's eyes or Siki is a poor matchmaker. Maybe both.

* * *

TWO JIMS, MULLEN AND DEVANT, FORM STABLE

Chicago, Ill.—Jim Mullen, popular Chicago boxing promoter, and Jimmie Devant, former boxing editor of the Chicago Herald-Examiner, have consolidated their boxing interests into the firm of Mullen and Devant. They will exploit the wares of the following boxers: Eddy McGoorty, middleweight; Tilly (Kid) Herman, welterweight; Joe McCabe, junior welterweight; Frankie Garcia, featherweight, and Teddy Silva, bantamweight.

McGoorty will attempt a come-back after more than a year of inactivity. Eddy is getting back in condition and will be seen in action at Aurora in the next two weeks.

All of the above stable of boxers are real fighters and under the guidance of Mullen and Devant they should get the money.

* * *

PROMOTER BILLY HAACK REFEREES OWN SHOWS

Bill Amos, well known boxing manager and promoter of Milwaukee, has been sojourning at Memphis, Tenn., for the past two weeks. Bill sends word that Billy Haack puts on regular weekly shows and great fights. Billy also does all his own refereeing and is a master in the ring.

* * *

See Back Page

Look on the back page for standing of boxers in the Championship Contenders Contest published every week—only five more weeks to go.

Breezy Broadway Boxing Bits

By Arthur T. Lumley

THE Dempsey-Firpo fight drew a big flock of millionaires from all over.

* * *

They certainly spent their money free and easy along Broadway.

* * *

A. T. Lumley

Paying a hundred bucks for ringside seats didn't feaze them any.

* * *

They would have given up twice that amount if necessary.

* * *

In fact, there's no limit when a wealthy, enthusiastic fan wants to witness a big mill.

* * *

There's no attraction on earth that can draw the money like an important fistic event.

* * *

Some of the fans came from California and even Europe.

* * *

What a golden harvest the Broadway ticket speculators gathered in.

* * *

Some of them must have cleaned up $50,000 or more each.

* * *

Nobody seems to give a tinker's cuss.

* * *

Except the poor suckers that were imposed upon.

* * *

Their weak squawks will soon fade away.

* * *

And the selfsame suckers will shortly fall again for another killing.

* * *

Not one New York newspaper has properly exposed this rank imposition on the public.

* * *

The Boxing Blade is the only paper to show this and many other abuses up fearlessly.

* * *

The commission goes into a trance when questioned about the ticket trickery.

* * *

The board is usually too busy suspending poor little boxers for some trivial offense.

* * *

The little sinners are punished but the big wealthy ones go free.

* * *

If one has millions back of him he can well afford to violate most any rules or laws.

* * *

Not only in boxing but in other affairs of life.

It surely pays to advertise a fight like a big circus.

* * *

It must have cost Ringling and Rickard many thousands for the great ballyhooing of the Dempsey-Firpo match.

* * *

The publicity hullabaloo was really wonderful in the Eastern newspapers.

* * *

But did it not attract and draw a barrel of golden coin?

* * *

Harry Wills is laying idle too long for a formidable championship contender.

* * *

He hasn't fought for over a year and must be quite rusty at present.

* * *

Instead of waiting for a match with Dempsey, Wills should have been fighting quite frequently.

* * *

For some unknown reason Paddy Mullins refused to let Harry box anyone since he combated Clem Johnson.

* * *

Wills injured his left arm rather badly in his fracas with Clem.

* * *

But for many months his arm has been right and well again.

* * *

Mullins during the past year has turned down some twenty tempting offers for Wills to combat.

* * *

Easy money matches that might have earned Harry $100,000 or more.

* * *

Appealing to the courts to force Dempsey into a bout with Wills was surely a mistake.

* * *

A mistake that cost Manager Mullins over $1,000 at least.

* * *

And what a fine shenanigan the Boxing Commission has handed Wills and Mullins.

* * *

Politically speaking, the board is between the devil and the deep blue sea, as far as the proposed Dempsey-Wills match is concerned.

* * *

There's no chance for this bout until after election and even then it's rather doubtful from the present political outlook.

* * *

Benny Leonard has his own personal press agent in little "Francis."

* * *

"Francis" is a well-known and popular scribe who formally did fine publicity work at the Garden.

* * *

But most all the champions and near-champions have their personal press agents for that matter.

* * *

Some of these fastidious fighters have also social secretaries and bodyguards.

* * *

Jack Dempsey, for instance, has Mike Trant and a couple of other trusted bodyguards.

* * *

Who see that the champion is not molested in any way in or out of the ring.

* * *

Wonder would John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons or Stanley Ketchel have required bodyguards.

* * *

Hardly. These fearless warriors always guarded themselves.

* * *

But things have changed conisderably in the pugilistic game of late years.

* * *

The old timers didn't have hundreds of thousands of dollars to protect.

* * *

And a little fracas with some intruder outside the ring was part of their life.

* * *

But why should a modern champion stoop to scrap outside the ropes?

* * *

When he can hire competent bodyguards to meet all obstreperous comers?

* * *

Some jealous cranks constantly howl about the enormous purses boxers receive nowadays.

* * *

But they don't take into consideration the expensive staff a champion carries around the country with him.

* * *

A high-class manager, trainers, secretaries, valets, lawyers, doctors, jokesmiths, bodyguards and others.

* * *

It takes quite a big income to pay and keep this large staff in swell style at the most expensive hotels.

* * *

You know a champion must travel first cabin or fall in the estimation of the public.

* * *

Some years ago the swell hotels barred the boxers—even the champions.

* * *

Today these same hotels offer the leading gentlemen of Fistiana special inducements.

* * *

A hotel invariably receives quite a lot of free advertising when a champion is a guest.

* * *

For instance, what gratis publicity the Belmont Hotel obtained by Jack Dempsey's presence there.

* * *

Every big Broadway hotel welcomes the coming of a famous champion nowadays.

Dempsey-Firpo Fight Gave Fans the Big Thrill They Hoped For But Didn't Expect, Says Andrews

Big Majority did not think Argentine Fighter had much chance to beat champion and the unexpected sight of Dempsey knocked out of ring provided the excitement which fight followers crave —No champion ever came so near losing crown and then saving it in space of four minutes—But for a lot of little "ifs" Firpo might have won—Dempsey was lucky, sports writer asserts.

BY TOM S. ANDREWS

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—The boxing fans from all parts of the United States who attended the championship battle between Jack Dempsey, world's titleholder, and Luis Angel Firpo, South American challenger, at the Polo Grounds, New York, got just what they wanted—a real thrill. The fans went with the expectation of a thrill, and they got it—100 per cent.

Tom S. Andrews

Thousands of boxing enthusiasts went to the Polo Grounds, convinced that Firpo would stand no show whatever with the Champion, but still hoping for a thrill. They were disappointed as to the chance Firpo had, but not the thrill.

That Dempsey won after a short and wonderfully exciting battle is history now, but no champion ever came so near to losing his crown and saving it again all in the space of four minutes.

It was one of those hair-raising starts and finishes, such as are witnessed now and then at the big race tracks of the world. It was the unexpected that happened and send a thrill through nearly 90,000 people, never to be forgotten.

Previous to the contest all kinds of predictions were made regarding the outcome, and it is safe to say that fully 95 per cent of the fans looked for Dempsey to box rings around the South American, who had practically no science—but with the strength and hitting power of a goring bull. There were many ifs after the battle and Mr. Firpo had a right to use the word "if." Jack Dempsey might well add the word "Lucky" or "Fortunate" to his list.

Some of the "Ifs"

If the referee, Johnny Gallagher, had strictly interpreted the rules of the New York boxing commission there might have been a new heavyweight champion today. If Firpo had been able to use his left hand with any degree of efficiency he would no doubt have stopped the champion when he had him reeling along the ropes and was raining right hand blows to his head.

If Firpo had had a better knowledge of the game he would not have permitted the champion to "sneak over punches" in the breakaways, which proved very damaging and had much to do with his downfall. If Firpo had been wise to the tricks of the trade he would have been ready to nail Jack the moment he was pushed back into the ring by the newspaper writers, and it was one grand chance he missed.

Dempsey was lucky when he was knocked through the ropes by Firpo, in having some mighty good friends among the scribes who, not only protected him in the fall, but pushed him back into the ring as quickly as possible and at the same time calling out the words of encouragement to him and advising him to clinch in order to get his bearings. Dempsey was fortunate in having a referee who gave him the benefit of every doubt. Dempsey was fortunate in not being disqualified for violations of the rules; Jack transgressed when he hit Firpo three blows after the bell sounded at the end of the first round and twice when he almost stood over Firpo after knocking him down when the instructions were that he should have retired to a neutral corner of the ring.

Had Dempsey been hurt when he was knocked through the ropes the referee would have been compelled to declare Firpo the winner of the contest.

Dempsey Hurt Worse Than Firpo

According to one of the officials promoting the big event Firpo was in better condition than Dempsey after the two left the ring and entered the dressing rooms. This official said: "Firpo came in with his handlers, undressed himself and took a shower, saying he felt fine, but depressed. Dempsey seemed to be in a daze. The doctor told me that Firpo was in better shape then than Dempsey."

Why Dempsey preferred to start with a rush and enter into a slugging match with the Argentinian instead of first "feeling him out" by feinting, etc., is hard to fathom. Probably Jack wanted to end the conflict as quickly as possible and had visions of Fred Fulton when he put the Minnesota plasterer away in 18 seconds.

Jack knew that Firpo was dangerous only with his right hand swings and punches and no doubt expected to beat him to the punch right off the reel. That was where he came near losing everything. The moment the gong sounded Jack, instead of waiting to see what Luis would do, rushed across the ring like a panther springing on its prey. Firpo had moved over to the left side from his own corner and Jack let go a left hook (partly a swing) that might have ended the battle then and there had it landed, but he fell short nearly a yard, and as he fell in from the impetus of his own rush the South American used what appeared to be a sort of short uppercut. It landed on Jack's chin and there is no doubt it shook him up quite badly. That may have had a lot to do with Jack's desire to slug his way to victory instead of playing safe and using his boxing knowledge.

Thrill Follows Thrill

From that moment it was one thrill after another. Dempsey did just as wonderful execution against Jess Willard at Toledo, Ohio, when he won the title, but the thrills were lacking as "Big Jess" did not make the wonderful come-back, after being knocked flat, that Firpo did.

Everyone said it was a wonderful battle; from a slugging and thrilling standpoint that is correct. From a scientific standpoint the contest was utterly lacking in good boxing. Had Tommy Gibbons been in the ring against the South American, and boxed the way he did against Jack Dempsey at Shelby, Mont., it is a good bet that Luis Angel Firpo would have lost the decision on points. He would hardly have landed a right hand punch on Tommy. Luis might have landed a chance blow and beaten Gibbons that way, but only by such a chance.

We do not wish to take any credit away from either man by using such comparisons, but just the same there was little boxing to brag about during the two rounds the gladiators were in the ring. Not that Champion Dempsey cannot use scientific methods, for he did show he could box cleverly by outboxing Gibbons at times in their Shelby fight but in the Polo Grounds' battle he threw all caution to the winds and went in and beat the powerful South American at his own game—that of slugging. Again Jack had the advan-

(Continued on Page 12)

DEMPSEY-FIRPO FIGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

arose enmasse and everybody was in everybody's way. Once more Dempsey slashed the Argentinian to the resin for a short count and then followed him into a corner where he dug a left and right to the stomach.

Firpo did not like it and he fell all too willingly. It was here that he first gave evidence of a desire to take a dive, but it was only for a moment. He stepped up and after that took a couple of half falls and tumbles, rolling around like a big St. Bernard and getting madder and madder every time he fell. Finally he got the idea and seemed to think it was time for him to do a little pushing around himself, and it was then he started after Dempsey, seeing as much red as it is good for any one man to see in one night.

You already have been told as to about what happened soon after that. Firpo made some complaint after the battle relative to Dempsey standing over him when he fell. The truth of the matter is Dempsey wanted to go to a corner when he flopped his rival, but every time he turned his back Firpo would pull out of the slumber and start galloping after his foe, until Dempsey got tired of having so much trouble hanging around his back, so he just stood by and whaled the leather tinted Latin when he climbed to his pedals. It may not have been the right thing to do, but Firpo brought it on himself—he was too persistent and too peevish.

"Firpo Winner If I Trained Him," Says De Forrest

Jimmy De Forrest, veteran trainer, who schooled Luis Angel Firpo for his victory over Jess Willard and then was deposed, shrugged his shoulders expressively when his former protege ended the evening on his side.

"If I'd trained him, he'd have been a winner," said De Forrest, who viewed the battle from the ringside. "He has the stuff."

De Forrest predicted that Dempsey would win in one round or not more than three. He had declared previously that Firpo was unready for a championship battle.

Rickard Plans Another Firpo-Dempsey Bout Next Summer

New York.—"Tex" Rickard, promoter of the Dempsey fight, announced that he has begun endeavors to match the champion and the Argentine challenger in a second championship bout, which he hopes to stage next summer.

"Because of the wonderful showing made in Friday night's battle by both fighters," he said, "I am certain that a second match would be even more popular with the ring fans.

"I desire to arrange this very much for next summer and will attempt to do so." Asked as to the terms he might offer for the match, Rickard replied that it is "too early" to discuss that phase of the question.

Defeat of Sullivan by Corbett Most Surprising in Ring Annals

Most unexpected of all defeats of heavyweight kings was that of John L. Sullivan by Jim Corbett, the sleek, good looking, harmless appearing bank clerk from California. This was the first of the heavyweight championships in which gloves were worn. Thus Corbett was the first man to win the title with gloves, and also he was the first exponent of the modern style of boxing to acquire the supreme honors of the ring. Corbett's victory over Sullivan revolutionized the sport.

So contemptuous of Corbett's ability were Sullivan's admirers that they offered as high as 10 to 1 on the immortal John L. They refused to concede "that dude Corbett" a ghost of a chance. For months afterward Sullivan's staunchest adherents refused to credit the news of his defeat until they heard the story from their idol's own lips. Sullivan himself shared the popular belief in his invulnerability. He entered the ring at New Orleans on Sept. 7, 1892, fully expecting to lay the "dude" low in a few rounds. He did almost no training for the contest, and was, to use an inelegant expression, hog fat.

Corbett played to Sullivan's weakness, backing away from the Boston Strong Boy's heavy advances, and pecking away with a left jab that tortured Sullivan. Jim was deaf to all Sullivan's pleas to "stand up and fight it out like a man," and in the 21st round John L. went down for the long count.

Andrews' Ring Gossip

(Continued from Page 11)

tage, however, as he displayed just as remarkable hitting ability with left and right as Firpo did with his right. The crowd preferred that kind of battle, as it sent a thrill or chill through every bone in their bodies, so why worry whether it was scientific or not.

No doubt the two giants of the ring will meet again next year, and if they do, it is a good bet now that the betting at that time will be close to even money, providing of course that Firpo in the meantime is given proper instructions in boxing and takes care of his health.

There is talk of matching Firpo against Harry Wills this fall. Luis stated some time ago that he was not ready for a Dempsey match and took it against his own better judgment, but that he was compelled to do so to live up to his contract with Tex Rickard.

That may be correct, but there is no reason now why he should be forced into a match with the colored star, Harry Wills, who would be just as dangerous a man at this time as Dempsey. Wills is older and has not been boxing for some time, but he is just as big as Firpo and wonderfully strong, besides being a clever sparrer as well as strong hitter. Firpo can well afford to lay off for a time and put himself under the tuition of some clever boxer like "Phila" Jack O'Brien before tackling more of the best heavies.

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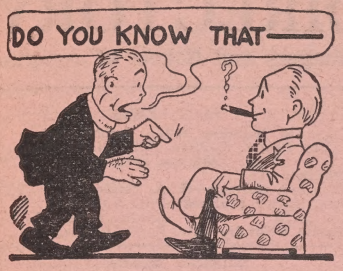

WELL, now that Firpo did his flip as we predicted, and that he made a great name for himself by getting knocked down nine times and only getting up eight, we suppost that it will not be out of order to say that Jack Dempsey is the greatest of all champions, of all time—and then some.

* * *

Firpo has automobiled to Canada. He will pick up a few more thousand American dollars there and sojourn to dear old Argentine.

* * *

Jack Dempsey has gone to Salt Lake, where he will take a million dollar vacation.

* * *

"No more fights for the champion this year," says the wily Jack Kearns. "We will be broke paying income tax as it is."

* * *

If Dempsey had another bout he would have to fight all next year to pay the income.

* * *

Harry Wills won't be bothered by income this season.

* * *

Tom Andrews of Milwaukee got lost at the big fight in New York.

* * *

Both Dempsey and Firpo were trained to the minute—but most of the sport writers were overtrained. So says Ring Lardner, and Ring generally knows.

* * *

Now that it's all over and we must have copy, who comes next?

* * *

Royal Brougham, sports writer for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer gives the following after-the-battle statement:

Dave the Janitor, who squandered three dollars on Firpo—"That hair on Luis' chest was a decoy."

Joe Beckett—"I challenge Firpo to a bout for the canvas championship."

The blind referees—"We have closely read the fight by rounds and do not hesitate to state that we think Firpo should have been awarded the decision."

Tex Rickard, promoter—"I smoked up that fight like a picnic ham, and the boys fell like a ripe plum. The birth rate has grown remarkably since P. T. Barnum's time."

Luis Firpo—"Can't understand why it took that earthquake so long to reach New York. Well, I lost. My heart is broken, my winning record is broken, and my nose is broken. But my pocket book is something else again. One hundred and twenty-five thousands pesos will buy a lot of frijoles."

Mister Dempsey—"Jack Kearns will have to cut it out getting me these marble-chined guys or I'll get a new manager. I skinned my knuckles on that setup in the second round."

President of Argentina—"I thought the Monroe Doctrine was supposed to protect South Americans, but look at poor Luis now!"

Firpo's manager—"My fighter had the best punch, but it was like an immigrant with leprosy. Couldn't land."

Queen Isabella of Spain—"I wouldn't have hocked my jewels to give Columbus a chance to discover America if I knew they were ever to treat one of my descendents like that."

The plumber—"It makes me sick to think of Dempsey copping a half million smackers for five minutes' work. Us guys have to work a couple of months for that much dough."

Leading Scientist—The total eclipse was four days late. It was scheduled for San Diego Monday and occurred at New York yesterday in the second round.

Atlanta Boxing News

ATLANTA, Ga.—Captain Bob Roper, heavyweight boxer is after a kayo record in this section where he is in great demand. Cap'n Bob is boxing as often as twice a week. Roper scored six kayoes and won one decision, in as many starts within 29 days.

* * *

The bill to create a local boxing commission, introduced in council by Alderman Jesse Armstead, is apparently a dead issue, no action having been taken on it to date.

* * *

Ben Smith, veteran trainer of champions and known from coast to coast as one of the best and a "square shooter," is making his headquarters here. Ben is rounding up a stable to show before the numerous clubs in this section.

* * *

Duke Barry, well known Pittsburgh, (Pa.) promoter and manager of boxers, who for several years operated a club in Connellsville, Pa., near Pittsburgh, is also making his headquarters here. Duke is very active in the game hereabouts.

* * *

Lew Silver, the Atlanta featherweight, protege of the veteran Jake Abel, is looked upon as a comer, having scored 18 kayos in 28 starts. Silver's latest victim was Martin Judge, the classy Philadelphia boy.

* * *

Frankie Garcia, the coast featherweight, brought to the top by Jimmy Devant, Chicago cartoonist, made a big hit here recently by giving Tim O'Dowd, local boy, a neat boxing lesson.

* * *

A few classy featherweights could be "setting pretty" if they would come here and make this their home. New talent would add impetus to the game.

* * *

The Mike Collins-Mike Gibbons' stable of leather pushers will be shown here at the big club in the near future. Promoters of the 108th Cavalry, having the Auditorium to stage their bouts, intend to put on several banner attractions. The Auditorium has a seating capacity of 12,000.

* * *

Despite the hot weather, numerous clubs are operating all through this section and all the shows are playing to capacity gates. One drawback is lack of first class talent. Another is that very few boys in this section are capable of meeting the topnotchers. The matchmakers re-match and redish the same old cards. Fans want and demand new faces.

Don't Miss This

Don't forget to look on back page for the standing of the different contenders in the Championship Contenders Contest. Incidentally you can get the Boxing Blade for one-half price now—only one dollar for 26 weeks.

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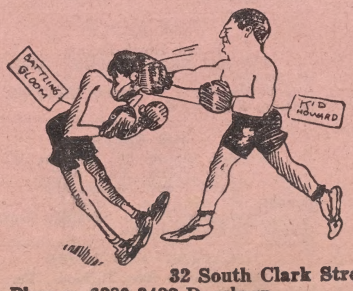

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